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I'm a son of a foreign land,  
And maybe foreign sounds my song;  
But that my voice shall be heard here,  
I cherish the dream in heart long.

And if you would not understand  
A word, a feeling, or a thought,  
Then of a wanderer you think  
That from a far land flowers brought.

By A. ZIMMERMAN.

*A. Zimmerman*

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Let them sing of the glory of the mountains high,  
I will sing of their rocks and stones,  
Of beast that there in darkness cry,  
Of beast and bird and of their groans.

O' let them sing of forests solemn great and old,  
Of what it dreams and often grieves.  
I will of its roots sing untold,  
I will sing of the dying leaves.

\* \* \* \*

I happy felt and laughed,  
But when of laughter tired got,  
Began to feel in me the devil laughs.  
I gloomy felt and cried.  
But when my heart became sick crying,  
I felt the beast in me was howling wild.  
And silent I became—  
And felt that I'm a mortal God,  
That silently speak to the eternal.

\* \* \* \*

I saw today a song  
Of charms and grace—  
You, you it were,  
It was your face.

I heard today a dream  
Of pure rejoice—  
It was of mirth  
And cheer your voice.

Poor girl, happy you are because  
Near the window given a place—  
Where you rising your little head  
See sometimes a passerby will face.

Poor girl, happy you are because  
A little sunshine more you'll get.  
O' poor girl, your toil the sun  
And the world will make you to forget.

\* \* \* \*

Did you hear a sigh  
In the darkness of the night—  
A deep and gentle sigh  
That disturbed the silence quiet!

O, may be a spirit kind  
Fleeted by,  
Or we chosen were  
To hear a sad angel cry.

\* \* \* \*

We came in the world that our deathless souls  
Shall feel that were in this world glorious great.  
That in their wandering they didn't miss  
A world. They misery and woe don't fear.  
What it's to those that restless are to see  
New heavens blue and stars above their heads.

And the Creator Lord said to Chaos:

“I want of you a world to create,  
Chaos, Chaos, I will make of you  
A world great.”

Then wailed and roared ages long, long Chaos

And said, O Lord, “Let me what was be  
From commandments holy and from rules,  
And laws free.”

And the Lord long thought and said to Chaos:

“Don’t fear, and don’t dread, you my first born!  
You will never, never from the world  
Be forlorn.”

\* \* \* \*

A voice I heard that I dreaded and distrusted  
That whispered to me:

“Disregard the world!

Scoff the wise!

Let them walk their paths of right—

And you go your wrong path.

Let them laugh loudly at you—

You laugh inwardly at them.

Let them laugh in daylight at you—

You laughed at them in the darkness of night.

Let them find strength in the strength of the mul-  
titudes—

You seek strength in the strength of the one.”

\* \* \* \*

I know sometimes days and weeks long:

Your soul is burdened with a great, great feeling  
And you don’t know why. But it is a song—

It is a song that is your heart deep thrilling.

Believe this thought, believe your inner voice!

Don’t say: “Not often generous is to us the nature.  
O, it itself is full with great rejoice,

When makes with a song a soul or creature.”

## TWO PRAYERS

Father, father of the world!  
See as a beast wild  
For a rabbit hunts  
Trailing yours a helpless child.

Father, father of the world!  
See the poor beast's pain,  
As a whole night long  
Starving hunts for prey in vain.

\* \* \* \*

Your sorrow deep you cannot tell,  
You would your soul yourself offend—  
But I your inner woe and pain  
In my soul feel and understand.

Still untouched is your body white  
And your tried, tempted soul is pure,  
And all the storms great of days young.  
Endured as wise old saints endure.

And now your body snowy white,  
And your soul sweet you give away  
To one that filled you with a sense  
That you forever are his prey.

In their iron cages  
I watched the wild beasts,  
And by the lion old  
Deeply was impressed.

And not by his strength,  
And not by his grace,  
But by his desire  
Back and forth to pace.

No man ever chained,  
No king in a cell  
Could more of his woe  
Than this pacing tell.

\* \* \* \*

I every day, hour every find  
In me another unknown soul.  
And left forgotten ~~in~~ behind  
A fleeting dream, a deathless goal.

And dead tomorrow will be I  
Dead will be the ~~one of today~~ <sup>a must</sup>  
And now for my soul ~~dying~~ cry  
And now for the new ~~born~~ one pray.

LS

2 must  
2

O many thousands songs I wrote  
And not a crust of bread for them I get—  
And youth and life I sacrificed for them,  
And that at night could write them, at day sweat.  
And for them challenged life and death.  
And I will may be struggling, struggling fall.  
And those that will some day besmirch my name,  
And those that insight will gain in my strange life,  
Or that they gained will slanderously claim  
O, devil's roar'll get honor, gold and fame.

\* \* \* \*

Once in my childhood poor and long, long gone  
Of a strange pain in soul aware became—  
It burned and burned and burned days long and  
nights  
Till thought in me it burns God's sacred flame.

And then I heard a grave and solemn voice:  
"O, mortal bend your knees and hide your face!  
And let your heart rejoice a great rejoice,  
Because you're chosen to speak for your race.

It is you that in the humblest hovel <sup>where</sup> you're born,  
That to the great and mighty <sup>you</sup> send to speak—  
Because <sup>you</sup> said leaders can make of forlorn  
As thunders roar can make the weak and meek.

\* \* \* \*

I am a beast that through the jungle  
Is making his trail all alone,  
That's a proud outcast of his heard  
Distrusted by all and loved by none.

And his heart's craving for a friend,  
But his own brother wouldn't greet,  
And in a deadly grip would fall,  
If he his mate desired would meet.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind  
Of the poor, homeless, shelterless one—  
In the minds of those that are alone.  
O, many of those were born in my mind.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind  
Of the one that is out in rain and storm.  
And feels as on a rock a worm.  
O, many of those were born in my mind.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind  
That cannot see a world in need,  
And wants for others cry and plead.  
O, many of those were born in my mind.

\* \* \* \*

There are multitudes that weep  
And the world sees never theirs a tear—  
Millions cry in sorrow and pain deep  
That men in life never, never hear.

There's in poverty and darkness great  
Hidden hopes and glimpses of rejoice,—  
O, Lord, let me see and hear their fate,  
Let me of the voiceless be the voice.

\* \* \* \*

I am a loving child of cosmos,  
A little child wise and deep feeling  
That looks in the face sorrowful  
Of his poor helpless, helpless mother.  
And he feels all her pains and woes.  
And he suspects hidden miseries  
That with his love he cannot relieve.  
And in his heart there's fear and pity  
For his poor mother and himself—  
And he tries to console her and  
Tears bitter tears of a little child  
Soul-broken/~~roll~~ down his cheeks.

*stream*

When I am tired of the world,  
When I am sick of the world,  
When I am ~~mad~~ *angry* at the world—  
Then I want to go to a forest  
Or a field covered with grass,  
Because there are times when men and women and  
children ~~love~~;  
And there are times when men and women and  
children ~~hate~~,—  
But in the bitterest moments of my life  
Never felt yet ~~hate~~ in my soul to a tree  
Or a blade of grass.

\* \* \* \*

The mystery of my strength was that I never  
seemed to the world what I am.  
And I seemed to be foolishly smiling the smile of a  
fool-peasant when I scoffed the world.  
And I seemed to be a boneless weakling,  
When I felt that stronger than storms was my  
desire to say my word.  
And I seemed to be a willing slave when bathe and  
drown could my masters in the boundless sneer-  
ing hate of my soul.

\* \* \* \*

For the sun and field and forest  
Cries your soul  
And you're told: Your holiest calling  
Is to toil.

And for goals far and world endless  
~~you long and~~ *crave*, *create*  
And you're taught: The greater virtue  
Is to slave.



~~gawd~~  
Days of ~~miser~~y knew,  
When was hungry and cold,  
And my pockets contained  
I thought mountains of gold.

And I voiceless was, ~~then~~  
And degraded and meek,  
And ~~thought~~ that ~~I~~ was born  
To a great world to speak.

With the gift I was born  
To feel and understand,  
But I ran from my foe  
And still further from fired.

And I dreamed and I thought:  
This is the wonderful fate  
Of the one that wants help  
God his world to create.

Woe to the beast that to face~~s~~ born.  
Rain and hail and wild wind and storm—  
To wander days lost and forlorn—  
*shot* And given~~d~~ a shelter quiet and warm.

Woe to the beast that's born to roam  
In fear and terror seeking prey—  
*shot* And given is he ~~is~~ a restful home,  
And blood to drink and bones to play.

Woe to the beast that is born to scent  
Of deadly enemy the breath—  
And that protected from man's hand  
And from beast's claws and beast's sharp teeth.

\* \* \* \*

O Lord, Lord as my ancestor of old  
To sacrifice my child~~d~~ wouldn't fear, *once*  
If sacrifice him~~d~~ would be told,  
But, pray, don't make your message him to bear!

*pleased* O Lord, your will I wouldn't disobey *let the*  
And slaughter~~d~~ would my only son—  
But Lord, my Lord, O Lord, I pray  
He shall not be born as ~~me~~, your chosen one!

Where is your fatherland?—your say?—

I was with you in the same old world born—  
And father poor and mother sweet I mourn,  
And to the same old God I pray.

And in my childhood poor in sadness gone,  
*l* Loved ~~to~~ to look at the moon late at night,  
*was* And loved to see the same old stars bright,  
And greeted as you ~~were~~ *are now* by ~~the~~ *them* the sun.

And taken back by mother earth ~~will~~ *be* be.  
And as yours my soul God will have to face,  
And glory ~~immortal~~ and endless grace *will* *wonder*  
My soul and your ~~soul~~ *son* of the same Lord'll see. *u*

\* \* \* \*

God loves all, all the lonesome—

Those that are with sad and sick souls,  
With longings hidden deep in their hearts  
For far, far worlds and unreached goals.

God ~~is~~ with those that in silence cry  
And only cry when all alone.  
For the dreams holy unattained,  
And for the days dear that are gone.

God loves the lonesome all that cry  
As old oaks ~~dying lonely~~ quiet—  
Because long hours he himself,  
Cries in the darkness of the night.

*in*  
*the* *old* *with*  
*pain*

God loves to be with all that cry  
When all alone of their sad fate.  
O, he himself of world's fair dreamed  
Long ages that he couldn't create.

## LIFE AND DEATH

On a summer sunny morning,  
When the heavens scattered gold,  
Chopping wood once I saw  
A man under a tree old.

And the tree in glory green  
Greeted east and greeted west,  
And spoke of its silken leaves,  
And of the birds in its nests.

\* \* \* \*

I bless you, Lord, for the great glory  
Of being by my brother men misunderstood.  
And for the joys of bearing all their burdens,  
And that for them I chosen was to brood.

I bless you, Lord, that I for them  
Not they for me in darkness often shed a tear.  
That I their pains to know their woes to carry  
Born was not they my to know and to bear.

\* \* \* \*

You're laughing—laugh, but you remember,  
Not a sound in the world is lost.  
That wander'll through a thousand worlds  
Till reach will to the holy ghost.

You're crying—cry, but you remember,  
That ages long sound every soars.  
And the Lord will turn away his face,  
When hearken'll to your moaning coarse.

O, when win my life-long battle would,  
And conquered would be my fate,  
And a glorious and great  
Victory and joy I could.  
Through a long day celebrate—  
A sorrow would feel that awake.  
Can't my scoffers snatched by death;  
That my sneerers are gone will regret—  
The ones that urged to forsake  
My goal, and dreams to forget.

\* \* \* \*

Proud she was and pure, pure in soul,  
But faltered once and had to fall.  
Since then she felt <sup>with</sup> ~~in~~ sorrow grim—  
There is no room for her and him  
In this ~~great~~ world. But <sup>she</sup> was to kind  
Room for herself to seek to find.  
So pure and proud and bold and grim,  
She made room in the world for him.

\* \* \* \*

When I feel a tear,  
I don't let it fall  
On the muddy ground to sink,—  
This is a child dear  
Of my tortured soul  
That's a song ~~all~~ <sup>ill</sup> adopt, I think.

So I was mocked.  
I was born in the world with the frail body  
Of a half-starved beast  
And the face of a stone cutter or woodchopper,  
And a soul that wanted to be always in the  
Realms of thought and of dreams.  
With a heart that yearned for the seen and unseen  
Beautiful of life.

So I was mocked.

And so were you mocked.  
Born with the grace and bearing of a king  
With the strength of a beast that was fed  
On warm blood and trembling yet with  
Life flesh—  
You only see the world you live in  
And more you don't want and for more  
You don't crave,  
So were you mocked.

\* \* \* \*

O' Lord, I saw as your young children die  
And as to death as brutal beast were sent,  
And mother cried and fathers that couldn't cry  
To their graves sad, heartbroken went.  
And I, O Lord, wouldn't step on a crawling worm,  
O Lord, day every 're buried angels sweet  
That came in world to fill us with delight,  
Born love to radiate with every breath,  
Given to the horror of an endless right  
And I to fallen leaves would give a shelter warm.

\* \* \* \*

When God loves me,  
I smile—  
And his great presence  
Feel for a while.

When God loves me,  
I cry—  
And hear him asking:  
*my* Poor child, why, why!

\* \* \* \*

More than the Lord of above  
Pity I his children sick,  
More than ~~he~~ his helpless weak  
And ~~all~~ his creatures love.

Often pray for ~~the~~ the dead,  
All the dead far, far and near,  
And in my heart there is a tear  
For all those that are with souls sad.

And the beauty feel I  
*you see* More than He of birds that sing,  
~~on~~ the flowers ~~bright~~ in spring  
That so young and early die.

And I pity more the worm,  
And the hungry roaming beast,  
And the lark that lost her nest  
In a night of rain and storm.

~~Than the Father of above,~~  
Pity ~~more~~ his children poor,  
And my soul cannot endure  
To see them deprived of love.

*more than the love  
of a soul*

My unknown dear!  
As there is a God in the world I swear,  
That flesh of my own flesh I often tear  
That songs I could create.  
But may be younger flesh demand will fate.  
O unknown dear!  
Will you let me flesh of your young flesh tear  
That songs I could create?

My unknown dear!  
As there is one God in the world I swear,  
That blood of my blood to pour I don't fear  
That songs I could create.  
But may be purer blood demand will fate.

O unknown dear!  
To pour your young pure blood would not you fear  
That songs I could create?

\* \* \* \*

I saw my richest dream, ~~most daring~~ <sup>and</sup> hopes  
In the full bloom of a full life.  
But not in my own poor dark life,  
But in the lives of those that never  
As I decades long toiled for bread—  
And did not slave and sweat for a shelter,  
And never were nights long awake,  
And never knew the pains heartbreaking  
Of failures great year after year;  
And never saw the ruins ghastly  
As I of what they built and built  
With blood and tears.



Far in the cloudless, blue, blue of the heaven  
Before my gaze my soul a cloud detects.  
And every trembling ray of an old star  
Reflects.

And often for the color of a rainbow  
My lord in soul unwillingly reproach—  
And feel sometimes a star is there in the world  
Too much.

\* \* \* \*

The rustle of fallen leaves *faded*  
Spoke to me and said:  
“Death is in our lives  
And alive when dead.” *we are*

*not a whisper* Memorizing *hearts* whisper  
Puzzles of life and death.  
Wonders whisper, whisper,  
*order* Lest we ~~we~~ them forget.

\* \* \* \*

Birds that are dead will never sing.  
Maybe this is the reason why  
So often many of them die  
In early spring.

Someone a great one that's somewhere,  
The silence wants of a dark night—  
That the world's voiceless and quiet  
He wants to hear.

O, hearken to me Lord,  
I speak for brother-man.  
We want a God that roar  
A healthy laughter can.

And be a fool as we,  
And with us children play.  
*you* ~~And~~ shall not expect of us  
~~Our worship and our pray.~~  
*that we to you shall pray*  
O, hearken to me God!  
I speak for brother-men.  
We want and need a God  
That with real tears cry can.

We are tired and bored to death  
You to bless, to you pray.  
And often mad makes us  
That you're so far away.

O, hearken to me God!  
I speak for brother-men.  
Live with us, play with us,  
Cry with us, if you can.

\* \* \* \*

Shing Lee kneeled before almighty Buddah  
And, devotedly in woe and pain,  
Prayed for the peace in his land,  
For bread, sunshine and for rain.

And lo! a great and strange wonder happened—  
Buddah solemnly moved once his head.  
And Shing Lee, amazed by this great wonder,  
Fell before his God on the ground dead.

In olden times once a strange wonder happened:  
A mother with a child in a jungle strayed.  
And long she sought in vain a trodden path,  
And long in vain to heaven's implored and prayed.

And then died the poor and helpless mother.  
And many years by the breast of the dead—  
Till found there was once by a hunting king,  
The infant with milk pure and fresh was fed.

\* \* \* \*

Blood of my blood all over in the world  
For life and light and sunshine craves.  
And flesh of my flesh in the farthest corners of the  
world  
By worms are eaten and forever rot in ~~old~~ graves.

And souls of my soul are in deep hell and <sup>in</sup> heaven  
for the good that did and the evil.  
And brothers poor of mine and sisters helpless,  
weak of mine,  
In sorrow and despair call for God and the devil.

\* \* \* \*

Things that would call a miracle in my life,  
That my soul would spur and overwhelm—  
I saw in the lives of others.  
And they were calm and ungrateful,  
And, as suckling babies that bite the breast that  
feeds them,  
They drink of the joy of life,  
And despise the source of them.  
And given are they to them by the same power  
That deprived me of light and air.

Said the new world to the old:  
You with toilers simple and plain  
Only paying ~~ore~~ for my grain.  
For my bread and blood and gold.”

Said the old world to the new:  
“Pay you’ll with another wage—  
I the singer of the age,  
Send you will sincere and true.”

\* \* \* \*

Begin, begin, begin, begin.  
This is what a new born child is told.  
And this we hear in our age old—  
Begin, begin, begin, begin.  
To live, to laugh, to love, to win.  
Begin, begin, begin, begin,  
To dream, to ask, to think, to speak,  
To wander and to roam and seek.  
Begin, begin, begin, begin,  
To hope, to do, to build, to sin.

\* \* \* \*

*she so motionless  
begs by quietly*  
Kiddie, Kiddie, a little dove,  
A dove ~~wounded~~ <sup>dead</sup> found, a mother sad.  
She so motionless and quiet ~~and~~  
Lay that thought that she is dead.

“And what’ll you do with the dove?”  
My child, my little child! This dove will kill.  
And for baby darling sweet,  
And for you will cook a meal.

## A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE

Back from the Jungle dying  
Came to his den a wild beast,  
Bleeding from a wound  
Deadly in his breast.

The cubs licked the blood stained ~~ground~~  
Fighting lustily around,  
Waiting till more blood  
Will be on the ground.

\* \* \* \*

From behind the old trees,  
Looked long ~~F~~ at the naked moon.  
And she dreamed in her nude glory.  
Then she saw me, and confused  
She smiled, and to hide herself  
Tried behind the clouds.

\* \* \* \*

One thing my hard life impresses  
Always on my mind—  
Not to see the pains of men,  
And be to their sorrows blind.  
As they ~~are~~ to my sorrows blind.  
And another thing impresses  
My life on my mind—  
To remember all my pains  
When the world is not to me kind,  
And be to the struggling kind.

\* \* \* \*

Deaf of the world, blind of the world!  
I can you understand.  
O, cripples and hunchbacks of the world,  
I am your brother friend!

As ~~all~~ the blind ~~don't~~ see sometimes,  
As all the deaf sometimes don't hear.  
And as the cripples and the hunchbacks  
In strange shame often shed a tear.

Far is the road and level is the road.

To lakes and mountains and to cities leads.  
And the men that tread day and night the ground  
Are of every race and breed and many creeds.

And in times gone a traceless jungle it was.

And the trail first made a man lost, forlorn.  
That prayed and cried and pleaded cursing fate  
Not knowing that to tread a path was born.

\* \* \* \*

It is a burden heavy

That men must bravely bear—  
In days of pain and sorrow  
Not to dare shed a tear.  
And my soul cries and cries  
And is longing for the right  
That to my sisters is given—  
To cry in days of plight.

\* \* \* \*

A thought lurked in my mind,

A thought that my soul stirred,  
And troubled me for a while,  
And disappeared.

Who knows maybe it is the thought

That wanders ages long,  
That seeks a holy mind  
And fiery tongue.

Maybe it was a thought

That would a world enlight,  
And point to shortest path  
To love and right.

Maybe you have no God above,  
Maybe as grass you grow and die,  
Maybe as beast in field and forest  
To no one call, to no one cry.

But his might and his force I feel  
In the bread that I'm given and not given  
In every painful wound of mine  
Feel the hand of the Lord in heaven.

\* \* \* \*

A water drop on the ground fell  
And, as if beast and men it feared,  
It began to sink in the sand dry  
And from the surface it disappeared.

It went to the depths of the earth,  
The source of hidden springs to seek,  
That could come back with a stream fair  
Or with a noisy jumping creek.

\* \* \* \*

I'll find you among ten thousand,  
When come will my day;  
I'll find you among ten thousand  
As a beast his prey.

A sight of yours, yours a whisper,  
Will you me betray;  
Here's the spoil that to me is promised  
In wild joy I'll say.

She cried long in the great, great silence  
And in the darkness of the night—  
And he stood helplessly and humbled,  
And silent was and quiet.  
In the deep darkness of the night.  
And those that heard it (angels heard it),  
Cried long, long and noiselessly quiet.  
They cried the strange way silence cries,  
As darkness cries at night.  
But they cried with him that was quiet.

\* \* \* \*

You, too, young sweet faced girl,  
With sunbreak hurry to the factory gate!  
Where you will share with us  
Our miserable dark fate.

O if to toil, sweet child,  
Must always I for shelter and for bread--  
Why doesn't my slavery  
Free you of this fate sad.

\* \* \* \*

I think, the Lord's my foe  
And that he must me hate,  
And feels regret and woe  
That thought me to create.

He must be wrathful mad  
That not poor man I blame,  
That the world is gray and sad,  
But that it's his fault claim.



O, how beautiful are the words we don't say!

They're as flowers that never yet a petal lost,  
They are as trees—phantoms that their branches  
    sway—

But that are by rain and storm never tossed.

They are children of a joy that words couldn't find,  
They're the shyness of one that beg did not dare.  
Truth hidden of one that to tell the truth is too kind,  
Wounds of one that a heart wounded would not  
    bare.

Words that weren't said are the curses of the wise,  
And despair of the one that still cherishes his  
    faith.

Of those that in darkness trust a sun'll arise,  
Bringing glowing blossoms, scatter raining light.

\* \* \* \*

In Fall time winds blow day and night,  
In Fall time winds blow the fallen leaves to scatter.  
They scatter the leaves in the world,  
The winds seek, seek for them far graves, graves  
    unknown.

That in the long cold winter nights  
The bare trees should not see around dead children.  
The winds blow them away far, far  
That the sorrow of the trees shall not be too great.

I am the one that fell a thousand times,  
And that heard the crowd jeer, "You lost!"  
But I could never dare to lose—  
I was ashamed to lie in dust.

I was ashamed to breathe and not to struggle.  
And disgrace feared a stone and grave,  
If buried'll be as one that died in chains,  
If die will with the marks of a slave.

\* \* \* \*

Ten songs yesterday I wrote,  
But I didn't earn my bread—  
But today not one I wrote,  
This day sold to earn my bread.

O the devil's quaint humor's subtle.  
And enjoy would I his wit,  
If not I would be his victim,  
But just the same fine's his wit.

\* \* \* \*

There are two in the world that know who I am—  
God and me.  
But he is silent, silent, silent.  
And the world doesn't listen to me.  
And the world does not listen to me.

In the beginning of beginnings  
Two deathless forces were,  
And one could not obey,  
The other one could not conquer.

And so our great world was created  
And warm blood thirst our breasts,  
And we cry for the world  
And we are lambs and we are beasts.

\* \* \* \*

That fate cruel on my road  
I will meet, I knew—  
But, God, I didn't think to find  
On my way you too.

I thought that by men'll be scoffed  
That chose a path new,  
But didn't think that scoffed will be  
My Lord by you too.

\* \* \* \*

The yellow trees with joy and love  
See coming a girl pure and sweet.  
And with deep tenderness they rustle  
And as a dear friend loving greet.

The poor and simple trees happy are.  
And they don't know that she wouldn't stroll  
Among them late in summer days,  
If unhappy wouldn't feel her soul.

I am driven by a duty  
That's as hard as fate.  
Stronger than all deepest passions  
To create and recreate.

I am tortured by an urging  
Of my cosmic soul.  
To serve a God cosmic,  
To enrich a cosmic goal.

\* \* \* \*

There are strange days in my and your life—  
When a twittering bird us offend,  
And provoked are by a fleeting star,  
And hard's to bear the voice of a friend.

You long and long and you don't know why.  
And things that you never craved, you crave.  
And, woe's to you when you are a king!  
And, woe's to you when you are a slave!

In days as these—thoughts of his gone youth  
Fills the old with a great gloom.  
The soul of the youth cries for his mate,  
And a girl cries for her unknown groom.

I would not love and would not bless.  
Because with sorrow in my breast,  
In helpless anguish always saw  
Downtrodden and oppressed.  
The dear ones that I loved,  
The dear ones that I blessed.

I swear forever not to curse,  
And no one in the world to hate.  
Because the ones in wrath I cursed—  
It was my cruel fate  
To see them gain and win,  
And battles won celebrate.

\* \* \* \*

I strolled in the fields without a goal  
And very sat I on a stone.  
An endless jungle was in my soul  
And was and felt I all alone, alone.

And I looked from afar at an oak old  
That seemed as I to dream and long—  
And bushes in the distance called  
To share with him the thrill of a bird's song.

\* \* \* \*

The sun is hesitating,  
The world to leave.  
The shadows of the trees.  
In silence grieve.

And creeping from afar  
Comes the dark night,  
And hushingly it whispers:  
"Be quiet, be quiet!"

The girls dive and the girls plunge,  
And the girls dance, the girls swim.  
What makes them so happy? Not thoughts,  
Not a dream.

The girls love the blazing sun—  
And the sun see in the skies.  
And when they gaze at the waves,  
Its reflection meets their eyes.

\* \* \* \*

I dreamed in the shadow  
Of a old, old tree.  
And deep in my soul  
Felt—it dreamed with me.

And, when evening dawned,  
Rested left the tree,  
And I felt it longed,  
Longed to follow me.

\* \* \* \*

### THE ETERNAL WOMANLY

My father died when I was a little child,  
And when young, very, of my mother was deprived.  
But know—that more my mother loved.  
My brothers died in infancy but know—  
My sister's love I more than them would love.  
And in the world the plight of woman strange  
My pitying heart touches more and deeper  
Than the plight and woe of my brother man.  
And, if would children have, the caress gentle  
Of a little daughter love more than my sons would.

I put you on fire my poor songs.  
Because when life by me were given,  
My soul wasn't in heat and fever,  
And flame of heaven.

And I dream you'll come back in the world—  
When in my soul will be fire and light—  
And as stars eternal you'll shine  
In a dark night.

\* \* \* \*

Gentle, sweet and fragrant grew a flower  
Of bird and bee a friend.  
Once on a summer day its power  
Lured to itself a cruel hand.

And for the dew and morning light,  
And for the stars in heaven,  
And for the dreams of evening quiet—  
Was water in a little glass given.

\* \* \* \*

In my life often thought—the sun  
Will come and give me light.  
And then charred and burned were byit  
The dreams and castles I built at night.

And the most tender breeze of spring  
That cheer and vigor and relief  
To my heart tired I hoped will bring—  
Brought me new often pains and grief.

\* \* \* \*

The trees think a human thought.  
And dream in a human spell.  
And the moon is hinting unheard words,  
Untold tales the stars little tell.

All obedient to the great Lord,  
Quiet are and still—  
And the mysteries of his,  
And his glory don't reveal.

We were nothing and 'll be nothing,  
As the far stars in the skies—  
As the cry of a little child,  
And as the light of fire flies.

We were nothing and 'll be nothing,  
As our predecessors gone.  
Don't fall in love with the world!  
Don't fall in love with the sun!

\* \* \* \*

Today was out I in the suburbs  
And I began to stray.  
And I stopped a little girl,  
And asked her for my way.

And cheerfully the sweet girl-child,  
The girl-child sweet and plain,  
With manner solemn tried  
Me my way to explain.

We parted—and a feeling kind  
Awoke deep in my breast,  
And that shall never stray  
In her life her I blessed.

\* \* \* \*

We're wise and we are sad,  
Because came from the greatest of worlds—  
From a world that was always nothing,  
And's nothing, and'll be nothing, nothing.

We're thoughtful and we're gloomy,  
Because go to the greatest of worlds  
To a world that was always nothing,  
And's nothing, and'll be nothing, nothing.



I want a great sun for myself.  
And of my own a night.  
And darkness would I give the owl,  
The skylark give would light.

I for myself demand a world  
That you may be don't need—  
Where fish and seagulls fall in love,  
And wolf with her milk rabbit'll feed.

\* \* \* \*

A strange dream he dreamed. His slave said  
To him in a voice low and meek:  
"O, master, with this I'll buy bread,  
But how can I be sick?"

"O, master, when my children'll live,  
I shelter and food them I'll buy.  
But, how I coffins and graves will give  
My children when they'll die?"

\* \* \* \*

In the blue heaven,  
O, shimmering little star!  
Are you too high?  
I am too far?

Little, twinkling star  
In the blue of the night,—  
You miss my song,  
I miss your light!

There's a fear in my heart that my soul  
Will be overfilled with bitterness  
And then, when a child'll tell me a word  
Harsh or cruel, tears'll be in my eyes.

And men'll wonder and will say: "How foolish  
He is. A child said a cruel word  
And he cries as a little child himself  
He would be."

\* \* \* \*

And I said to the silence of the fields—  
I came to you that you shall life in me instill—  
I was told that the green of grass,  
Hope and strength give again me will.

And with a sick and longing heart I said  
To the spread glory of the endless blue in heaven:  
"Faith and rest, and hopes, and dreams great  
By you, I was told, to men's often given."

And the green of the grass, and the silence great,  
And the blue of the heaven said: "O, we bless  
With faith and joy, and cheer, and dreams  
All those that joy and life and love possess."

O, woe's to me that wise I am!  
That so much sad I see ahead,  
That the age old of children see,  
And of young brides the future sad.

O, woe's to me that wise I am!  
That ask why, why a home build I?  
Why seek a mate and children have?  
When she and I and they will die.

\* \* \* \*

I want a slave  
That, when will seek my heart to win,  
Shall have the gift to feel—  
The hour stroke when long for a queen.

A ruler want,  
A ruler unafraid and brave,  
That feel shall—that's the time  
That most I need is a meek slave.

\* \* \* \*

I was sad, sad today and glad  
And happy felt, and unhappy felt—  
I met today the one that I  
Would choose to be the mother great  
Of our world. If the Lord decide  
Would to create a better race.  
And I couldn't fall on my knees,  
And I could not touch with my lips  
Her toes, and could not pray to her,  
And couldn't ask her to touch me  
With her pale fingers.

## A DREAM

In those days o' cruel devil  
That, when helpless was'll remind  
Roaring wild a scoffing laughter  
Followed me behind.

And I, cruelly triumphing,  
Will at you my laughter roar,  
And will make you feel the sorrows  
Of my heart of yore.

\* \* \* \*

## LOOKING AT THE CROWD

Gloomy men, men sad  
Out in rain and storm,  
Struggle and fight for bread,  
And for shelter warm.

Only I alone, alone,  
Dream of things strange that by heaven  
Only to a chosen one  
Once in an age long is given.

In a better world live will

Those that in the future will be born.  
They our sorrows would not feel,

They our losses would not mourn—  
And their days in strife will not be forlorn.

But we chosen are by fate

To joys higher and to joys deep more—  
We're in the world to create

All that is for them in store,  
And we are the father of the great.

\* \* \* \*

We are two worlds,

Two worlds that long to meet,  
And each of us  
Is to the other sweet.

And when two worlds

In universe must meet,  
The weaker one  
The better one is lost.

\* \* \* \*

Many, many children souls

Sweet and charming are in heaven—  
Why was taken back to his Lord,  
When not long to earth was given?

Father, Father of the world,

Father of the pure and just?  
You a little soul only gained  
And a mother a world lost.

Don't tell me you did not sin—  
In a world of sinners we must hate the saints.  
Don't tell me you did not sin,  
Because of all sins one of the greatest is: NOT to  
    be human enough to sin.  
Don't tell me you did not sin,  
Because the greatest of sins is not to be brave  
    enough to sin.

\*   \*   \*   \*

Chilly are the starry heavens  
    And the dozing trees are quiet,  
And you see the stars are proud  
    Of the splendor of their night.

Cloud and moon you see are awake  
    In the full glory of their state.  
You ask them for their subtle spell,  
    In a hush they answer, "Wait."

\*   \*   \*   \*

Under the leaves yellow of the trees  
    Stood a girl child  
Dressed in snowy white and scarlet  
    And innocently smiled.

At the picture looked admiring I  
    Of life and death.  
O it's painful to remember,  
    Painful to forget.

I saw today a happy girl  
That was a job this morning given,  
And felt as she would get a gift  
From a fate kind or boon from heaven.

And this job I know'll bend her spine  
And ruin will her girlish grace,  
And break her youthful spirit will,  
And rob the color of her face.

\* \* \* \*

If I would be a God, maybe I bloody sacrifices  
would demand—  
Because I know the fascination of demanding  
sacrifices.  
If I would be a high priest, I may be would offer  
my brother man to my deity  
Because I know the spell of offering.  
If I would be a savage father, my child would  
sacrifice  
Because withstand couldn't the urging passion to  
be a victim of my creator—  
Because I found I couldn't resist the lure of sacri-  
ficing my life, my youth and every throb of  
my soul to an unknown God.

\* \* \* \*

The waves of the ocean storm the boat.  
O ocean, ocean, whom do have on the bottom?  
To whom do you want to bring a precious gift?  
Are the monsters hungry and you promised them a  
meal?  
Are the fishes gloomy and you promised them  
playthings?

A mother was glad,  
A mother was sad—  
A rope for her only son hidden she had.  
In the gloom quiet, quiet,  
Of a deep dark night  
Wouldn't swinging hang hours long, long under  
stars bright.

Himself when he'll feel  
Chose his last hour will—  
The hangman of hanging would not get his thrill.  
A mother was glad  
A mother was sad—  
A rope for her only son, hidden she had.

\* \* \* \*

I like the city late at night,  
When the stars in the skies are bright,  
And felt is the mystery of sleep  
In the breath of trees, silence deep.

And I feel that the world is gone,  
When only for awhile alone.  
And then I feel I am God's child,  
Forgotten long in life wild.

And I want to speak to the Friend  
Great, that me to this world once sent,  
And ask what is a silent night?  
A dreaming world and far stars bright.



A little wound in heart  
Made by grief I had,  
That made me hours long,  
That made me hours sad.

Now this pain forgot  
And long overcame—  
I forgot it when  
A woe deeper came.

\* \* \* \*

It's a wonderful strange thing  
That I early and late, late  
Think and think, and think, and think  
Of God, men and life and fate.

And to meet was never blessed  
One that in my presence feel  
Shall—here's one that never rests,  
Whose soul is never, never still.

\* \* \* \*

O, mother my mother, you that raised me more with  
tears than with bread!

What shall I tell you the sweetest and best?  
You are the grand mother of all the songs  
That I nurse in my breast.

I am born with a soul to pity,  
To pity all that are in need.  
To feel the woes of the downtrodden.  
But I am not a saint and when  
I struggle hard most for my own bread,  
And fight to have a roof above  
My head the misery of men  
Forget.  
But I vow by the Holy Lord,  
And my own long hard struggles swear  
That for the bread of all the hungry,  
And for their shelter I will fight,  
When bread and shelter for myself  
Will have.

\* \* \* \*

I asked myself what is my gloom?  
I answered when the day was done  
In glory and in splendor saw  
For a short while the setting sun.

I asked myself why do I brood?  
And answered through the morning mist,  
When hurried to my daily task,  
At dawn I saw the sun in east.

I that dreamed of suns of my own,  
That wants more light than the Lord made,  
Day every long the only sun  
That given was me for bread I trade.

When a lion gets old and feeble  
And for a rabbit hunt's too weak,  
Doesn't he then think of his sad fate?  
And doesn't he then tō his Lord speak?

Doesn't he then lie and think and think  
Why must he crave warm blood and meat?  
Why wasn't created by the Lord  
That as as zebra grass could eat?

Doesn't he roar his snarling roar  
With scoffing innermost and hate?  
That live as a king he was born  
And die as a mouse is his fate.

\* \* \* \*

I'm born of the tribe of Jagudah,  
An offspring of the house of David,  
Of David, the King and psalm singer.  
And God, the Lord great, to me said:  
"You don't get no share and no portion  
In the Possessions of Jagudah,  
And no part you'll get in his dominions,  
In the assembly great of mighty  
You would not seat. But you will be  
To me a singer as David my knight  
The King great of Jagudah.

And maybe 'll come to heaven,  
As children back to home.  
Tired of the long, long day  
And tired to play and roam.

And there we'll stories tell—  
One killed a butterfly,  
And one a garden ruined  
And one told a big lie.

And satisfied will laugh  
And bold and loud we'll boast,  
And we'll dream the next day  
Our pranks be wilder must.

\* \* \* \*

I heard the Lord laughed bitterly and cried,  
I chose you of a generation said,  
To be a master and to be a reigning king—  
And you dig ditches went to earn your bread.

Souls ages long created and destroyed  
And you to be my spokesman were told,  
And you for miserable little crusts of bread,  
And for a damp and dark cage your life sold.

.

To give my sweet song life  
Blood of my blood I give,  
Soul of my soul they get  
That a full life could live.

And my blood crying hear:  
“Feeble man, spare your blood warm!”  
And my soul cries: “Man, save  
Your soul for days of storm!”

O fools, fools what they are!  
What is blood or a soul?  
And what are stormy days  
To one that has a goal.

\* \* \* \*

Today I wander could and stroll,  
Today could at the heavens I stare,  
And with delight young in my soul  
Breathe a little of God's air.

But few and counted are my free hours,  
And the world of books is so great,  
And love must be suppressed of flowers,  
And stars when want my own create.

I asked myself: "Why do I sing  
Of sun and birds, and youth, and spring?"  
The answer was—"Because you live."  
I asked myself: "Why do I dream,  
And worlds destroy, and worlds redeem?"  
The answer was—"Because you live."  
I asked: "Why all the burdens bear  
Of a hard life, and death I fear?"  
And answered—"Because you live."

\* \* \* \*

Maybe that miracles to see was oftener given  
Than to great multitudes of men, though often  
brood  
Of my dark life. Stars and clouds fleeting saw in  
heaven  
And their spell felt and almost understood.

The witness of the birth of thoughts was in my  
soul,  
And know the glory sad and sweet of hopes that  
die,  
And in great silence heard of death and life the call,  
And when myself I cried I heard my great Lord  
cry.

O, let us not love each the other!  
O, let us each the other not forgive.  
O, let us dear,  
Our vows and promises not believe!

O, let us not bless each the other—  
It is so hard then to forget.  
And let us dream  
That each the other never met.

Let us not long each for the other!  
And think that I was never born!  
And, crying Ill say:  
“Not you—but a dream my is forlorn.

O, let us not love each the other!  
Let us try each the other hate.  
Maybe more kind  
Will be to us our cruel fate.

\* \* \* \*

Word, words and words again.  
so many words I said,  
And still my heart is heavy  
With words that never said.

I'll break and tear my heart—  
And then no heart I'll have.  
And then words that are burdens  
Again I wouldn't have.

Come will a day so I dream,  
That the locks that keep me behind gray wall  
    broken will be,  
And will be free to wander in field and forest, and  
    mountain.  
And then will I say to my friend:  
"Then," I dream, "I will have a friend."  
What is the name of the heavy branched tree?  
And the name of the deep-rooted one?  
And what is the name of the bird that sings?  
And what is the name of the bird that rumps?  
And what is the name of that red flower?  
And what is the name of that white flower?  
And my friend will wonder and will say:  
"You are a poet and you don't know the name of  
    a tree and flower.  
You are a singer  
And you don't know the name of a bird.  
Tell me what inspired you?  
I will seek an answer in silence  
And I will think maybe I was inspired  
By everything that to know I missed,  
By the things that I longed to see and could not,  
By the things that I longed to hear and did not,  
By the things that I could not gain and approach.  
And I will long to tell this my friend,  
But I will fear that will be misunderstood—  
And I will be silent and think, think of a strange  
    fate."



He worshipped her as a meek slave  
And she was like a naughty queen.  
hers a kind word made happy him,  
But seldom a kind word could win.

And for love of another one  
She left him with the pain and sting.  
But later back she came disgraced  
A poor humble slave and found a king.

\* \* \* \*

Lord, the sunshine I of you demand—  
I am deprived by fate!  
And the smiles I didn't get  
O, Lord, I await!

I my holy birthright must demand—  
'Tis holier than your will.  
Till in my soul death  
Peace and rest will instill.

\* \* \* \*

Little dear, you looked at me  
And I know why.  
Because in your young heart  
Now there lives a little spy.

And he spies days, days long,  
And he spies night;  
And he seeks, seeks for you  
Admiring knights.

If you're a poet, then don't say:  
"No beauty is in your life.  
And that waste every day  
In grudging misery and strife."

God does not make of gold pure gold.  
And of Suns does not He make suns.  
Earth to give light is by him told,  
And makes to sparkle and twinkle hard stones.

\* \* \* \*

I pity all those that are as I  
And that with souls as my were born!  
Day every for themselves must cry  
And every day the world must mourn.

Friends of the world and all alone  
When, when can I or they find rest.  
God let me the only one  
O Lord, Lord, let me be the last.

\* \* \* \*

Maybe in the year when the world will die  
As never beautiful will be spring.  
And gloriously rise the sun will high,  
As never flowers blossom and birds sing.  
And the world in that year will die  
And in the gloomy day when come will my death,  
I'll see a happy smiling happy rumping child  
That'll call me rump and dance, and peeved'll get,  
That wouldn't share heartily all its pranks wild,  
And this'll be the day of my death.

The yellow leaves on the trees whisper, whisper,  
whisper:

“Our days are gone, our life is past. We fall and  
fall.

And there is no other world for us that is to come,  
And never back to life and youth will hear the  
Lord’s call.”

O, poor and dying, brooding leaves, don’t cry, don’t  
cry!

O, not alone in the world gloomy are that fall—  
O! withering’s my face and a girl sad I know  
That dies as you do with a brooding withered soul.

\* \* \* \*

God, are you sometimes a man?  
And the truth as men to see you dare,  
Boldly as a man admit when wrong,  
’s your desire as men’s is to be fair.

Or handicapped you are  
By your will that’s powerful and great,  
Or learned only to command  
And from nothing misery create.

My known and unknown brother friend,  
God shall from the great misery  
Save you of being right in the world!  
O, I know what it is—It was my fate  
Sad to be often right in the world.  
My known and unknown sister friend,  
I bless you with the greatest blessing  
I know that never shall attain  
The state of sainthood. O, I know  
What it is. It was my sad fate  
Sometimes to be a saint.

\* \* \* \*

Covered with brambles factory walls  
Strangers make to feel at ease,  
And their love for graceful please.  
But behind the brambled green walls  
Broken hearts are and broken souls.  
Factories brambled me don't deceive.  
They are evil in a new style,  
It is the devil's pleasing smile.  
They can happy fools deceive  
But I never will them believe.

Deny it, if you only can,  
That our fear of the world and fate  
Is the fear of little helpless beast  
Of monsters great.

Deny it, if you only can,  
That pray in sorrow and despair,  
When challenge would and scoff and curse,  
If we would dare.

\* \* \* \*

A little girl kneeled before a cross  
To worship and to pray,  
To plead and beg for many things,  
In a wise childish way.

She whispered: "Father—Lord, give me  
The bitterness of things  
That are as honey mellow sweet,  
And feel the joy of stings."

"O let me hear and see," she said,  
"A serpent's cheerful joy—  
And let me know when a little lark  
The world wants to destroy."

Lord, send me suffering of soul  
Try me with misery, O Lord!  
But as men justify my pains,  
O Lord, Lord justify my sorrows!

It isn't the woes that I fear,  
Not they my heart break, but the thoughts  
And doubts of their strange mystery,  
They cry of the baffled soul why, why?

\* \* \* \*

Out of the way I seek a way  
Because was told: "Be brave, be bold,  
And storm face, and face blizzard cold,  
And find for men a way."

Far from the world brood for the world,  
Depths of its pains my soul attains  
Because in my heart and my veins  
Runs the blood of the world.

\* \* \* \*

O yesterday I thought,  
I love your youthful eyes  
But when we love the stars  
We love the blue, blue, skies.

O yesterday I thought,  
That smiling my heart win.  
But, when the flowers love,  
We love the valley green.

I wouldn't dare to face my Lord,  
If wouldn't win.  
O, this would be my greatest shame,  
My greatest sin.

Before he thought of all the world  
He thought of me.  
And, if with bowed head back would come,  
How pained would be.

And in his hopes and dreams deceived  
My Lord would cry.  
And million times me recreate  
Again would try.

And of this great pain and struggle  
My Lord must save  
A million times on me for him  
Enoughs' to slave.

\* \* \* \*

God wanted to create a wonder great  
Of fire and he created light and stars, and suns.  
God wanted to create a wonder great  
Of water and lakes, He made to fall on rocks and  
stones.

God wanted to create a wonder great  
Of colors subtle and he told to grow grass and  
tree.  
God wanted to create a wonder great  
Of flesh and bones and he created men and me.

I awoke at night and in my sleepy mind  
Thought I am yet a little helpless child,  
That awoke and my dear mother didn't find,  
And I wanted to cry loud and wild.

But to think regained my whole power I  
And I did not cry.  
No, I cried, cried but no one around could hear,  
As a little child's soul, my poor soul cried.

But you wouldn't see then my a bitter tear—  
Every sigh of mine in my heart died.  
O, as a child I could not cry then,  
So cried as a man.

\* \* \* \*

When the young are called in battlefield,  
To murder and to kill,  
We as our sisters and our mothers  
This horror great can't feel.

If on the battlefield would be shed,  
The warm blood of girls young,  
If rot on mountain sides they would  
Unburied for days long.

Then, then maybe it would be men  
That would the horror feel  
Of sending mothers, sisters, wives  
To murder and to kill.



When twilight dawns,  
The world is sad;  
And shadows speak  
Of all the dead.

And man, poor man,  
Is a helpless beast,  
And man's deep pain  
's in a bird's breast.

And stars twinkle, twinkle,  
In thoughtful fear,  
Though to the Lord  
They are so near.

When twilight dawns,  
Your poor soul cries;  
And something feel  
In your heart dies.

\* \* \* \*

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Another book of Poems, "Fragments of a Life," by the same author, is in preparation and soon will be published.

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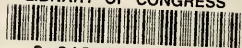
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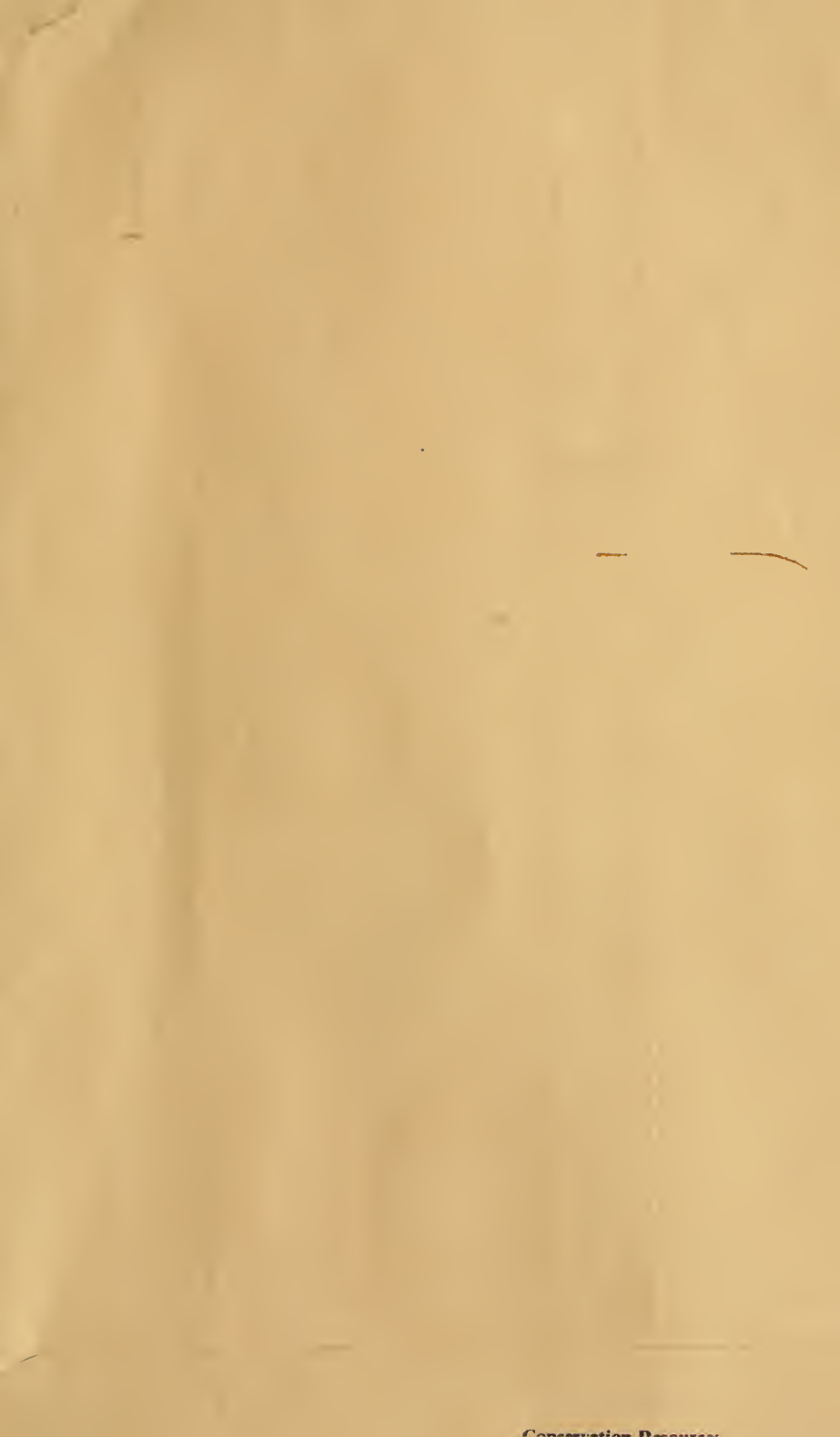


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